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Cassell A Public-Spirited Bookeller.

History repeats itself: there is nothing new under the sun; the selfishness, the unbelief, the specious new propels proclaimed from every house-top, all the signs of the times which fill Christian people with dismay, are ~~not~~ an old story after all. The young mother taken comfort from the fact - that the children of other mothers have got over whooping cough & measles; & those who can go England with a love that carries them to their closets rejoice in the 'Life' of the bookeller Restes. Now, they see Germany under great searchings of heart, ^{with unceasing struggle} fermenting, ~~with many~~ every man walking according to his own light - evolving his own creed, while prophets ^{proclaim} ~~are to preach~~ the gospel of 'the beautiful' & that not - crying peace where there is no peace. Alas, for Germany a hundred years ago: alas, for England now: but the comfort is, that in Germany, ^{in the} midst of the darkness & the confused noise the Holy Spirit was abroad illuminating candid souls.

In the year 1772, the great hunger-year of Germany, Frederick Christopher Restes was born at Rudolfsstadt, to a father who held the high-sounding office of Secretary of the Exchequer in a little German principality: he died while his child was yet in petticoats, this widow received from the State a magnificent pension of twenty on florins: her means for another child a live; she called herself out as nurse in a humbler family, the poor little Restes was taken, first

of

by his grandmother, then by a beehive uncle
 & maiden aunt who kept home together at
 Rudolstadt. There was a remarkable pair, both
 persons of high integrity & full of character. He,
 spoiling many excellent gifts by an ugly temper,
 he, a classical scholar, a man of vigorous mind
 but all his life under the influence of the philosophy
 of Kant. It was necessary that this little household
 should live with a frugality hardly known in any
 rank of life in England; but the little boy
 was made welcome all the same, & reared with
 much tenderness by his uncle & aunt, - both
 he owed a moral training which served him all
 his life. But ~~the~~ ^{would say} that to them he
 owed the real horror with which every kind
 of immorality filled him, ^{as well as} that respect for
 the rights of others which his own impetuosity
 might easily have led him to forget.
 And here let us pause a moment to look at a
 puzzling question in the face: it is true that the
 uncle Keibel was not a Christian; yet, he
 was himself, brought up his nephew to be, what
 everyone means by "a good man." What then?
 it is possible to be 'good' in this sense without
 being a Christian. ~~But~~ ^{although} Christ himself is the
 fountain of all goodness in every creature:
 but then, it seems true, that this He is like
 the sun which shines ~~into~~ on the evil & the good.
 He is willing to impart this goodness of His
 freely to whoever will ~~make~~ use of it, without
 imposing any condition of allegiance to
 himself: that he does not impart out of himself
 is happiness, the love, joy, peace, of the disciple
 who rejoices ~~in~~ in his Master's good gifts, but
 delights himself above all in the Giver.

illp40mc33

an apprentice, but sent the little fellow home for
a year to grow.

At the end of the year, I started one Sunday in
September in the open mail, & reached the
home of his master on the Tuesday following, to
be greeted with, "Why, boy, you are no bigger than you
were this time last year!" He is received kindly
by his master's family, & the senior apprentice.
I write home, "I like keeping very much; my
comrade is an excellent fellow; & the young
ladies are wonderfully kind. Frederike, my
master's second daughter, came into my
room, to drive away home-sickness, & said,
"We shall hear more of Frederike by and by."

Next morning, his master desires him to let
his hair grow to a good length, & to a brush on
front; to get a pair of wooden buckles, & a
cocked hat, & carries him off to the warehouse.
Röhme's apprentices are strictly kept, & not
allowed to go out without leave, & taken to church
with the family on Sunday: "What I find hardest,"
writes Berthe, "is that I have only a halfpenny
pocket in the morning, & in the afternoon
from one till eight not a morsel - I eat
this hunger; & so it was, for growing boys, ^{they}
they had a good dinner & supper with the family.
Poor Röhme, a much tried man with 4 or 5
other drafts, was by no means indulgent, but
he treated his apprentices as well as himself,
which might have answered had they been
blest with his own iron frame. ~~Berthe~~
~~lamented~~ on the most bitter weather he
would never have ~~his~~ ^{shops} ~~weather~~ heated, but
kept himself warm by stamping & rubbing
himself ^{all} as a cabman ~~was~~. The work pelted
Berthe was, for the most part, that of the pages
of 5

of flats with ~~paper~~ sacks one meets in the stor-
rooms of the London publishers; he runs about
sipping to collect such books for country
orders as his master's stores do not furnish.
Here his modest obliging manners win
him friends, & especially, the practical benefit
of being allowed to stand by the stove while he
waited for his books: ~~poor~~ ^{poor} last, this was all the
warmth he got; ^{his grand} ^{over, he must} with feet - wet - or dry, he must
stand for hours together in the pangs of the ice-cold
workhouse. Recently, his master notices that
he hobbles along with difficulty; but ^{he} says nothing;
indeed, all along, he shows great pluck, that about
the little brooches for breakfast - being almost
the only complaint we hear: at last - he cannot
walk at all, the doctor is sent for, & says, that, another
day, ^{his} ~~the~~ ^{large} feet must have been amputated.

For nine weeks, now, he is a prisoner in the
little attic with the two beds which the apprentice
shared; but he is not neglected, Fredericka
Köhne, a pretty little girl of twelve, takes
care of him, amuses him, reads ^{along} ponderous
books, the great volumes of the history of Italy.
No wonder that after that the two were great friends
& confidantes, the telling of the domestic difficulties
which arose from her mother's failing, & the
his longing for home - above all for Schwyburg.
"Now this well-known rock," he writes to his
uncle there, "now that, rises before me. . . the
spot where Spitz coughed & Matzen yelped. Every
bush is stamped on my memory. See
you ranging the wood with your lantern, when
you have caught - anything, say, you cry, "If this
were only here!" ~~and go better than ever the full~~
~~full of the picture of that ever.~~

His stores were opened in two towns, Hanford in the
Maine & Leipzig, from which booksellers might
be supplied at once with any books they might
order.

Böhm carried on such a business: weekly orders
came to him from all the book-sellers in Germany
giving him a six pages of his ~~book~~ day-book.
+ Against these books, enters Böhm, & ~~de~~ ^{de} ~~part~~ ^{part} ~~them~~
was the work that fell upon Perthes. He gave
himself to it with delight: it was something to
handle the books, to grow familiar with the titles
& the names of the authors, to know what books
were being read, & where: they were in great request
to find to his astonishment - that the reading
of Germany could, to a great extent, be wrapped
up, - that such districts required such books,
such other districts, such other books, & some
benighted districts wanted no books at all;
in a word, he could form a rough guess at
the intellectual status of the whole of Germany.
And now then devolved upon him the great
idea of his life, he saw that the bookseller
should be something more than a public servant;
he might be a power in the land, might take
it upon him to educate & direct the public
taste: might, in those days of open bookshops
domineer to raise the tone of thought - than either
parson or schoolmaster; & this, not by assuming
airs of superiority, but - by providing only
that ~~good literature~~ ^{good literature} ~~that which was best~~, by directing attention
fairly to the merits of his stock. Now was his
object in life; a bookseller upon these
lines Perthes resolved to become: but - alas,
to choose & recommend the best books in German
literature, it was not enough to go upon hearsay,
one ought to know; & Perthes was lamentably
ignorant.

JHP80mc23

He wanted to learn, but everything was against him. After a day of close work, he fell asleep at night over grammar & dictionary; then, he wanted teaching, & had no money to pay for it; his mother's little pension barely found him in shoes; his two uncles sent him their half-worn clothes, & all the money he handled was the couple of dollars his master always gave him at Christmas. Then, again, he must needs keep up with the fashion in his studies, & fashion required that every young man should be a philosopher; there was no salvation outside of Kant, in those days; to master Kant, he must have a knowledge of logic, & there was a stiff nut to crack which kept him for a long time on the threshold of higher knowledge.

But his study of Kant meant more than a mere following of fashion: his time had come to be exercised by the question which ^{group} ~~people~~ the evil of every young man & young woman with their salt? Wherein shall a young man cleanse his way?

The answer was not plain: ^{to him} he sought it in a "System of Morality" in treatises on "Dogmatic Divinity" or "^{Heidelberg} ~~Intercourse~~ with God," in Schellen's counsels of perfection he could lay his hands above all, in Kant, the philosophy of Kant. No wonder to his uncles of old that in his mind, & in these letters, we have an intensely interesting picture of the struggles of a soul not yet brought to light. First, he is filled with a delightful buoyancy; the whole world is marching on toward perfection; that is the design of the Creator for the individual & the race; as for evil, absolute evil does not exist, for sinfulness is endured by men or by

8 nations is to them more than a means of
 perfection: as for himself, the joy that comes of
 ever striving after improvement is enough; he
 can even see himself advance; he thinks upon
 the perfections of God & the dignity of man, & feels
 with a throbbing joy that perfection is the goal towards
 which he and men are labouring. His soul
 writes to congratulate him on his delightful
 experiences; but, alas, the letter finds him
 in despair: there is a halt in the onward
 march, now, & retreat: "now passion triumphs",
 he confesses, "now habit": he is smothered
 by the vision of a perfection which ever seems
 within reach, "but which, Spirit, must be
 worked out - & eternally & painfully". Poor fellow!
 "When I feel tranquil, it is but the sleep of evil
 inclinations gathering strength for a fiercer
 outburst. Ah! my weakness & my hot
 blood destroy in an hour what it has taken
 me weeks to gain - & leave the victim poorer?"

So it goes on for months & years;
 now, a note of triumph over a sure advance,
 now, tears over a contemptible fall: & all the time,
 no real progress; he is like a don in its
 hitches, in continued motion without getting
 any further: still, he believes in that perfection,
 which is within as the pot of gold hid where the
 rainbow touches the ground, & has no glimpse
 of the better way.

As if this was not enough, another trouble ~~comes~~
 comes upon him ~~as a trial~~: Frederick has blossomed into a beautiful
 maiden; the old boy & girl familiarity is over; the
 two are shy & conscious in each other's presence:
 then

